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To what tune our boys are going to march "Somewhere in France" is not settled as yet, but one of the best features of the organization is that it has given young composers an extraordinary opportunity to have the value of their composition tested, by giving them a mass tryout. At a rehearsal the other night slips were handed round with the words and music of a new song by a composer as yet unknown. The pianist played it, the leader sang it, and then the chorus followed.

The Community Chorus has already adopted and sings with fervor a march by its President, the young composer Arthur Farwell. Some day it may stand sponsor to a new national anthem.

The Community Chorus provides every one with the music above all with the words of our national anthems and folk-song. This has proved to be a work well worth while, and is helping to do away with a condition typically New Yorkese and which could hardly exist in any other country, namely,

that the largest city population in a nation does not know the words of its own anthem!

The Community Chorus has made much of Walt Whitman's prophetic "I Hear America Singing." Some day all America will sing, and sing well, with respect to the God-like gift, the voice. Inborn Love for music will be general, and America will stop borrowing and produce more herself. Music has always been the art that has made the widest and easiest appeal to the masses. Once the musical side of their artistic temperament has been developed, the American people will also have a finer and keener appreciation for the sister art of music.

On September 13th and 14th there is going to be another big festival of Song and Light in Central Park. We hope that all our readers, to whom it is possible, will attend. May it be an incentive to those in other places to organize and see how their communities respond to the idea, so that all will work towards the common end: "Musical Education of All Americans."

*Frieda van Emden*

## A VASE OF BLACK-TOPPED RED WARE

You were old when the gods of Greece were young  
And the pomp of Rome remote:  
Like a perfume flung have the cycles clung  
From your long-lost land of lote.

How long, with the gauds of malachite  
(While the grain grew green o'erhead)  
Did you wait for light through the ages' night,  
In the graves of the crouching dead?

In the primal predynastic day  
Was it skill of maid or lad  
That shaped you, gray, of the river clay,  
In the sun-shorn Thebiad?

How long in the silted, sifting dust  
Of the slow Egyptian drouth  
Did the raw gold rust and the copper crust  
While the Nile ran north and south?

You were old ere the Pharaoh's first decree?  
Did even Isis know  
That you held the key of her courts in fee  
Six thousand years ago?

*Kadra Maysi*

